

# The Tragedie

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

*Prin.* God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.

*Glo.* My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

*Enter Lord Maior.*

*Lo. M.* God blesse your Grace, with health and happy daies.

*Prin.* I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:

I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,  
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:

Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not

To tell vs whether they will come or no.

*Enter L. Ha.*

*Buck.* And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord.

*Prin.* Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?

*Hast.* On what occasion God he knowes not I:

The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke

Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince

Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

*Buc.* Fie, what an indirect and pecuifh course

Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace

Perfwade the Queene they send the Duke of Yorke

Vnto his princely brother presently?

If she denie, Lord Hastings go with them,

And from her ieaious armes plucke him perforce.

*Car.* My L. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie

Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,

Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate

To milde entreaties, God forbid

We should infringe the holy priuiledge

Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,

Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

*Buck.* You are too sencelesse obstinate my Lord,

Too ceremonious and traditionall.

Weighrit but with the groseness of this age,

You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him:

The benefit thereof is alwaies granted

To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,

And those who haue the wit to claime the place.

This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,

And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

of Richard

Then taking him from thence th

You breake no priuiledge nor ch

Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie m

But Sanctuarie children neuer til

*Car.* My Lord, you shall ouerru

Come on Lord Hastings, will yo

*Hast.* I go my Lord.

*Pri.* Good Lords make all the f

Say Vncle Gloucester, if our brothe

Where shall we sojourne till our

*Glo.* Where it thinkst best vnto

If I may counsel you some day o

Your highnesse shall repose you a

Then where, you please & shalbe r

For your best health and recreatio

*Pri.* I do not like the Tower of

Did Iulius Cæsar build that place

*Buck.* He did, my gracious L.

Which since succeding ages haue

*Prin.* Is it vpon record, or els re

Succesfully from age to age he bu

*Buck.* Vpon record my gracio

*Prin.* But say my Lord it were n

Me thinkes the truth should liue f

As were retaild to all posteritie,

Euen to the generall ending day.

*Glo.* So wise, so yong, they say

*Prin.* What say you Vncle?

*Glo.* I say, without Characters f

Thus like the formall vice, inquit

I moralize two meanings in one w

*Prin.* That Iulius Cæsar was a fa

With what his valour did enrich

His wit set downe to make his val

Death makes no conquest of his c

For now he liues in fame, though

I tell you what my Cousen Buck

*Buck.* What my gracious Lord

*Prin.* And if I liue vntill I be a r